

plussed, yet compelled to answer.

only possible way."

SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth inciry from Fort Bethune trapped by dians in a narrow gorge. Among them a stranger who introduces himself by a name of Hampton, also Gillis the stimeer, and his daughter. Gillis and majority of the soldiers are killed durate a three days' slege. Hampton and a girl only escape from the Indians, or fall exhausted on the plains. A mpany of the Seventh cavalry, Lieut, and in command, find them. Hampton a die girl stop at the Miners' Home in heald, Mrs. Duffy, proprietress, Hamptonials, the Kild. She shows him her mothes picture and tells him what she can her parentage and life. They decide shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon's trejoins Hampton. He induces her to back, and to have nothing more to do him. Hampton plays his last game cards. He announces to Red Slavin the has quit, and then leaves Glendamis Hampton has his last game cards. He announces to Red Slavin the has quit, and then leaves Glendamis his kide and Lieut. Brant again meet withhis knowing who she is. She informs and Lieut. Brant again meet with-la knowing who she is. She informs the coming Bachelor club ball in of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant Slieut Murphy, Custer's scout. He is trouble brewing among the Sioux. difficulties arise at the Bachelor ball among the admirers of Misser Light. Brant meets Miss Spentishe is not his acquaintance of the fore. She tells him of Naida, and adentally meets her again as he is Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida none from the dance. On the way she in you." the is to meet Hampton.

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

"Oh I do, Lieut. Brant. It is not doubt of you at all; but I am not sure, even within my own heart, that I am doing just what is right. Besides, it will be so difficult to make you, almost a stranger, comprehend the peculiar conditions which influence my action. Even now you suspect that I am deceitful-a masked sham like those others we discussed to-night; but I bave never played a part before, never skulked in the dark. To-night I simply had to do it."

Then attempt no explanation," he taid, gently, "and believe me, I shall continue to trust you. To-night, whatever you wish may be, I will abide by the Shall I go, or stay? In either case you have nothing to fear."

She drew a deep breath, these open words of faith touching her more strongly than would any selfish faultfinding.

"Trust begets trust," she replied, with new firmness, and now gazing trankly into his face. "You can walk with me a portion of the way if you wish, but I am going to tell you the truth -I have an appointment with a

"I naturally regret to learn this," he said, with assumed calmness. "But the way is so lonely I prefer walking with you until you have some other protector."

She accepted his proffered arm, feeling the constraint in his tone, the formality in his manner, most keenly. An older woman might have resented it, but it only served to sadden and embarrags her. He began speaking of the quiet beauty of the night, but she and no thought of what he was saying.

"Lieut. Brant," she said, at last, "you do not ask me who the man is." Certainly not, Miss Naida; it is none of my business."

I think, perhaps, it might be; the knowledge might help you to understand. It is Bob Hampton."

He stared at her. "The gambler? No wonder, then, your meeting is clandestine."

She replied indignantly, her lips trembling. "He is not a gambler; he is a miner, over in the Black Range. He has not touched a card in two the ways of the world. years."

"Oh, reformed has he? And are you the instrument that has worked such a miracle?"

Her eyes fell. "I don't know, but I hope so." Then she glanced up again, wondering at his continued silence. "Don't you understand yet?"

"Only that you are secretly meeting a man of the worst reputation, one known the length and breadth of this

border as a gambler and fighter." "Yes; but-but don't you know who

He smiled grimly, wondering what possible difference that could make. "Certainly; you are Miss Naida Hern-

'I' You have not known? Lieut. Brant, I am Naida Gillis."

He stopped still, again facing her. "Naida Gillis? Do you mean old Gillis' Elri? Is it possible you are the same We rescued on the prairie two years

She bowed her head. "Yes; do you understand now why I trust this Bob Hampton?"

"I perhaps might comprehend why you should feel grateful to him, but not why you should thus consent to meet with him clandestinely."

He could not see the deep flush upon her cheeks, but he was not deaf to the pitiful faiter in her voice.

"Because he has been good and true to me," she explained, frankly, "betman. They won't let me see him, the this evening." Herndons, nor permit him to come to Their hands met for an instant of bring him in to me."

warm pressure, and then the two left behind stood motionless and watched him striding along the moonlit road.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Verge of a Quarrel. Brant's mind was a chaos of conflicting emotions, but a single abiding conviction never once left him—he retained implicit faith in her, and he purposed to fight this matter out with Hampton. Even in that crucial hour, had any one ventured to suggest that he was in love with Naida, he would merely have laughed, serenely confident that nothing more than gentlemanly interest swayed his conduct.

Nevertheless, he manifested an unreasonable dislike for Hampton. He had never before felt thus toward this person; indeed, he had possessed a strong man's natural admiration for the house. He has not been in Glen- the other's physical power and cool, caid for two years, until yesterday. determined courage. He now sincere-The Indian rising has driven all the ly feared Hampton's power over the miners out from the Black Range, and innocent mind of the girl, imagining he came down here for no other pur- his influence to be much stronger pose than to get a glimpse of me, and than it really was, and he sought after learn how I was getting on. I-I saw some suitable means for overcoming him over at the hotel just for a mo- it. He alone, among those who might

ment-Mrs. Guffy handed me a note- be considered as her true friends, and I-I had only just left him when I knew of her secret infatuation, and encountered you at the door. I wanted upon him, alone, therefore, rested the to see him again, to talk with him burden of her release. It was his longer, but I couldn't manage to get heart that drove him into such a deaway from you, and I didn't know cision, although he conceived it then what to do. There, I've told it all; do to be the reasoning of the brain.

you really think I am so very bad, be- And so she was Naida Gillis, poor cause-because I like Bob Hampton?" old Gillis' little girl! He stopped sud-He stood a moment completely non- denly in the road, striving to realize the thought. He had never dreamed "I certainly have no right to quest of such a consummation, and it stagtion your motives," he said, at last, gered him. What was there in com-"and I believe your purposes to be mon between that outcast, and this above reproach. I wish I might give well-groomed, frankly spoken young the same credit to this man Hampton. woman? Yet, whoever she was or had But, Miss Naida, the world does not been, the remembrance of her could often consent to judge us by our own not be conjured out of his brain. He estimation of right and wrong; it pre- might look back with repugnance upon fers to place its own interpretation on those others, those misty phantoms of acts, and thus often condemns the in- the past, but the vision of his mind. nocent. Others might not see this as his ever-changeable divinity of the I do, nor have such unquestioning faith vine shadows, would not become obscured, nor grow less fascinating. "I know," she admitted, stubbornly, Suddenly there occurred to him a recbut I wanted to see him; I have been of lection of Silent Murphy, and his so lonely for him, and this was the strange, unguarded remark, What could the fellow have meant? Was Brant felt a wave of uncontrolable there indeed some secret in the life sympathy sweep across him, even history of this young girl?-some



"Do You Really Think I am So Very Bad, Because-Because I Like

man, who, he felt, had stolen a pas- Hampton know about it? sage into the innocent heart of a girl | Already daylight rested white and not half his age, one knowing little of solemn over the silent valley, and only

meet him?" he asked.

"You will not quarrel?"

"No; at least not through any fault

A few steps in the moonlight and she again took his arm, although they scarcely spoke. At the bridge she withdrew her hand and uttered a peculiar call, and Hampton stepped forth from the concealing bushes, his head bare, his hat in his hand.

"I scarcely thought it could be you," he said, seemingly not altogether satisfied, "as you were accompanied by

The younger man took a single step forward, his uniform showing in the moonlight. "Miss Gillis will inform you later why I am here," he said, striving to speak civilly. "You and I, however, have met before-I am Lieut.

Brant, of the Seventh cavalry." Hampton bowed, his manner somewhat stiff and formal, his face impen-

"I should have left Miss Gillis previous to her meeting with you," Brant | camp?" continued, "but I desired to request the privilege of calling upon you tomorrow for a brief interview."

"With pleasure." "Shall it be at ten?"

"The hour is perfectly satisfactory.

You will find me at the hotel." "You place me under obligations," ter than anybody else in all the world. said Brant, and turned toward the quire if this man Murphy receives cool, self-controlled man was speak-I don't care what you say, you and wondering girl. "I will now say good any messages there, and if they know ing with authority. those others who do not know him, night, Miss Gillis, and I promise to rebut I believe in him; I think he is a member only the pleasant events of ligent man and have him discover all

while he was beginning to hate this story of shame, perhaps? If so, did

"May I walk beside you until you where the crippled scout had made yielding up all influence over this girl his solitary camp. Almost without volition the young officer turned that way, crossed the stream by means of phy had deserted the spot. Convinced say quite plainly, Lieut. Brant, that of this, Brant retraced his steps toward the camp of his own troop, now already astir with the duties of early morning. Just in front of his tent he encountered his first sergeant.

"Watson," he questioned, as the latter saluted and stood at attention, "do you know a man called Silent Murphy?

"The scout? Yes, sir; knew him as long ago as when he was corporal in your father's troop. He was reduced tion if from now on you would cease to the ranks for striking an officer." Brant wheeled in astonishment. "Was he ever a soldier in the Sev-

enth?" "He was that, for two enlistments, and a mighty tough one; but he was always quick enough for a fight in field or garrison."

"Has he shown himself here at the

"No, sir; didn't know he was any where around. He and I were never very good friends, sir."

The lieutenant remained silent for several moments, endeavoring to perfect some feasible plan.

"Dispatch an order to the telegraph office," he finally commanded, "to in- clear his own brain. He felt that this the facts he can. When he returns

He had enjoyed a bath and a shave, and was yet lingering over his coffee, when the two soldiers entered with their report. The sergeant stepped aside, and the orderly, a tall, boyish looking felfow with a pugnacious chin, saluted stiffly.

"Well, Bane," and the officer eyed his trim appearance with manifest approval, "what did you succeed in learn-

"The operator said this yere Murphy had never bin thar himself, sir, but there was several messages come fer him. One got here this mornin'." "What becomes of them?"

"They're called fer by another fel-

"Oh, they are! Who?" "Red Slavin was the name he give

me of thet other buck." When the two had disappeared, Brant sat back thinking rapidly. There was a mystery here, and such actions must have a cause. Something either in or about Glencald was compelling Murphy to keep out of sight -but what? Who? Brant was unable to get it out of his head that all this secrecy centered around Naida. Perhaps Hampton knew; at least he might possess some additional scrap of information which would help to solve the problem. He looked at his watch, and ordered his horse to be

saddled. It did not seem quite so simple now, this projected interview with Hampton, as it had appeared the night before. In the clear light of day, he began to realize the weakness of his position, the fact that he possessed not the smallest right to speak on behalf of Naida Gillis. Nevertheless, the die was cast, and perhaps, provided an open quarrel could be avoided, the meeting might result in good to all concerned.

Hampton welcomed him with disant but marked courtesy, having evidently thought out his own immediate plan of action, and schooled himself accordingly. Standing there, the bright light streaming over them from the open windows, they presented two widely contrasting personalities, yet each exhibited in figure and face the evidences of hard training and iron discipline. Hampton was clothed in black, standing straight as an arrow, his shoulders squared, his head held proudly erect, while his cool gray eyes studied the face of the other as he had been accustomed to survey his opponents at the card table. Brant looked the picture of a soldier on duty, trim, well built, erect, his resolute blue eyes never flinching from the steady gaze bent upon him, his bronzed young face grave from the seriousness of his mission. In both minds the same thought lingeredthe vague wonder how much the other knew. The elder man, however, retained a better self-control and was first to break the silence.

"Miss Gillis informed me of your kindness to her last evening," he said, quietly, "and in her behalf I sincerely thank you. Permit me to offer you a chair."

Brant accepted it and sat down, feeling the calm tone of proprietorship in the words of the other as if they had been a blow. His face flushed, yet he spoke firmly. "Possibly I misconstrue your meaning," he said, with some bluntness, determined to reach the gist of the matter at once. "Did Miss Gillis authorize you to thank me

for these courtesies?" Hampton smiled with provoking calmness, holding an unlighted clear between his fingers. "Why, really, as to that I do not remember. I merely mentioned it as expressing the natural gratitude of us both."

"You speak as if you possessed full authority to express her mind as well as your own."

The other bowed gravely, his face impassive. "My words quite naturally bear some such construction."

The officer hesitated, feeling more doubtful than ever regarding his own position. Chagrined, disarmed, he felt like a prisoner standing bound before his mocking captor. "Then I fear my mission here is useless."

"Entirely so, if you come for the purpose I suspect," said Hampton, sitting erect in his chalr, and speaking with more rapid utterance. "To leca short distance away lay the spot ture me on morality, and demand my -such a mission is assuredly a failure. I have listened with some degree of calmness in this room already the log, and clambered up the bank. to one such address, and surrendered But it was clear at a glance that Mur. to its reasoning. But permit me to you are not the person from whom I will quietly listen to another."

"I had very little expectation that

you would." "You should have had still less, and remained away entirely. However, now that you are here, and the subject broached, it becomes my turn to say something, and to say it clearly. It seems to me you would exhibit far better taste and discriminaforcing your attentions upon Miss Gil-

Brant leaped to his feet, but the other never deigned to alter his posi-

"Forcing my attentions!" exclaimed the officer. "God's mercy, man! do you realize what you are saying? I have forced no attentions upon Miss Otillis."

"My reference was rather to future possibilities. Young blood is proverbially hot, and I thought it wise to warr you in time."

Brant stared into that imperturbed face, and somehow the very sight of its calm, inflexible resolve served to (TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the unexpected happens the the elbow. "I told you so" chap is in his glory.



DISTINCTIVE STYLES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Poke Bonnets, Now the Latest Thing In Paris, Will Soon Be the Rage in This Country-Embroidery is Much Used.

Little girls 'twixt cradle and kindergarten have millinery styles as well as their mammas. Indeed, women who would never attempt to trim their own chapeaux are making the most charming little confections of velvet, silk and fur for their tiny daughters. Patterns come in plenty, and as for materials, the remnant boxes of the stores are full to overflowing with pieces just large enough for baby millinery.

Wide flaring rims have gone out, and the new shapes are close, being still have the flat ruching inside just usually over a fitted foundation of white flannel, but the trimmings save the plainness. Very quaint are the tight little cap shapes with soft ribbon rosettes or bunches of flowers | these also the trimming is mostly over just over each ear. Some finniky people still claim that baby simplicity is spoiled by millinery flowers, but this hats, which one can poke into all idea is out of date.

What could be more babyish than a tiny bunch of drooping snowdrops, such as the shops are showing, looped together with a narrow white ribbon? | the little maids of France are said to These bonnets are trimmed round the be-wearing them almost entirely. This face with a flat ruche, like the one which baby's mamma wears in her this season will be quite the rage collar. A plain bonnet shape, quite another winter. It is a good plan to untrimmed, could be decorated at use small safety pins in putting on home with the ruching and flowers to the strings and all the trimming make one of these fascinating little | which comes off now and then to be head dresses. The strings come out | laundered.

IN BABY MILLINERY from under the rosette over the ears, and are usually of wide ribbon. Soft and are usually of wide ribbon. Soft taffeta, by the way, is best for bonnet strings, as it may be washed so much better than the satin-finished ribbons. White corduroy is a good material for the bonnet itself, as it washes like cotton, and is very

Women who love embroidery on all the things of babydom are making little lace and batiste embroidered covers for bonnets and lining them with quilted silk. 'The two may be merely basted together along the edges, so that frequent laundering is possible. The flowers are dainty on these, rosebuds being very appropriate.

Black velvet with a band of fur makes a very durable dark bonnet cap. If one has a small piece of squirrel or ermine, it could be made into a flaring band, which turns away from the face over the black velvet, while the strings are of pale blue or pink ribbon. Some of these bonnets over the face.

Plain little felt bonnets of the softest material may be bought very reasonably and trimmed at home. In the ears instead of on top. Some of the shapes are little more than soft sorts of quaint shapes and trim. Poke bonnets, with fronts to be filled in by ruffles of lace and soft white lawn, are the latest French importations, and means that the poke bonnet bought

USEFUL LITTLE WATCH STAND. edge, by which the "stand" may be

Convenient for Hanging on Wall by the Side of Bed.

The accompanying sketch illustrates a useful little "watch stand." It is intended for hanging on the wall by the side of a bed at some suitable spot 61/2 inches long by 41/2 inches wide.



The front of the wood should be covcan be turned over the edges and pictures-are screwed into the upper | pretty luster of the hair.

suspended from the wall. If it is desired to use the stand on a table, then it is an easy matter to fix a support at the back similar to the support of an ordinary photograph frame.

A Dream of Gray.

One of the smartest gowns that has where it may be easily seen. Its con- been displayed this season, or any struction is very simple, and for it other, is designed principally to carry we shall require a piece of wood about out the beauty of a slender, graceful one-half inch in thickness, and about figure. It is carried out in a tender shade of rose messaline, with Dolly Varden flounces on the sleeves and skirt. The topmost flounce on the skirt is mounted with a heading of fine hand-made lace, run through with silver gauze ribbon. The top of the skirt is severely plain, falling in graceful folds from the hips.

The overbodice is of the rose messaline, with an embroidered outline, and this is worn over an exquisite guimpe.

Wine Bath for Hair. If it were possible to follow a French fashion and wash the hair occasionally in wine, it is said that the ered over evenly with velvet, which hair would be wonderfully stimulated. The French peasants originated this glued to the back. In front, where in- fashion, and they used white wine for dicated in the sketch, are screwed two | blondes and red for brunettes. That little brass hooks, on the one the the wine has tonic qualities is certain, watch is hung, and over the other but if one can afford this wine bath the chain rests. Two rings-similar it is not advisable to use it but occato those used for hanging up small sionally, lest the alcohol take away the

COULD NOT WEAR THE HAT.

French Actress Victim of London Restaurant Etiquette.

Some of the French ladies do not understand at all the prohibition in London on what they consider dinner dress. There is one little French actress now playing in London who, as one of her first experiences in the British capital, was taken out to supper, and, to do honor to the occasion, put on her largest and most gorgeous hat. Her escort looked at it doubtfully, but hoped for the best. She was stopped at the sacred portals of a restaurant, and was asked to remove her hat.

What this means to a lady only those can tell who have been to matinees and have seen the display of temper when a whole row of ladies in the stalls have been told that the people behind can not see the stage. The little actress made a gallant attempt to be allowed to retain her headgear.

She announced to the polite gentleman at the door that she was a Mohammedan, and offered to take off her shoes if only she were allowed to retain her hat. The mighty hat, however, had to be removed.

Rough Elbows.

Rough elbows are a great blemish to a pretty arm, and they should be avoided by every dainty girl. Avoid leaning on the elbows, as this tends to toughen and coarsen the skin. Probslight friction will stimulate the blood | put on zig-zag fashion. and skin and make it grow firm and

CHILD'S DANCING FROCK.



Child's dancing school frock of white batiste with embroidered dots. The blouse has a yoke of lace and tucked plain batiste, which is bordered with ably the best remedy known is to rub lace insertion and ruffle. The skirt the elbow with common table salt. The is similarly trimmed, the upper band

The short, puffed sleeves are finsmooth. At night rub a small amount | ished with lace ruffles. The sash, of mutton tallow or cold cream into | prettily knotted in the back, is of blue liberty.